

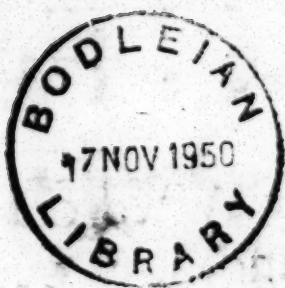
THE
PLAY
OF
SODOM,
A
TRAGEDY.

As it was lately Acted on the Stage
of *France*, and now occasionally
Translated into *English*.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR, 1707.

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The Play of Sodom, &c.

Names of the Persons in this Tragedy.

Lot, a good Man living in Sodom for some Years.
 Mabelah, his Eldest Daughter.
 Jeminah, his other Daughter.
 Saphira, the Wife of Lot, turn'd into a Pillar of Salt.
 Pharez, one of Sodom that was Mabelah's Husband.
 Jared, another Person of Sodom, who was Jeminah's Husband.
 Raphael, Balthazar, and Melchior, Three Angels.

The PROLOGUE.

NAY, if our Sins are grown so high of late,
 That Heaven scarce can long adjourn our Fate ;
 By Raining scalding Showers of Brimstone down,
 To burn us, as of old, the lustful Town :
 Else a new Deluge overwhelm agen,
 And drown at once our Land, our Lives, and Sin.
 Judgments of other Kinds are often sent
 In Mercy only, not for Punishment ;
 But where Lust reigns, it shews a Nation's Fate
 Is given up, and past for Reprobate.
 Yet hoping, that the noble Reformation
 Will soon in Triumph ride throughout the Nation,
 And pious Magistrates will quickly quell
 Those very Crimes which hatched were in Hell,
 That Heaven may not scourge this latter Age
 With all the Dregs and Squeezings of his Rage.

ACT

A C T. I. *Scene Sodom. Enter Raphael, Balthazar, and Melchior, Three Angels.*

Rap. **T**HIS, this is that defiled, lustful Place,
That's void of Shame, and quite as void of
This City has incens'd Heavenly Ire, [Grace;
And shortly must in Sulph'rous Flames expire.

Balt. Were all the World so wicked as this Town,
Our sacred Sovereign Reason has to frown
On all the Race of Man, and smite them too,
Tho' he was forced to create a new.

Melc. God has too long born with their Infamy,
And should he let his Judgments still lie by,
His too much Mercy wou'd make Atheists say,
Chance guides the World, and has usurp'd his Sway.

Rap. their Guilt's so great, that it makes Hell confess
It self out-done, and scorn their Wickedness,
Wherefore let's on our Message go, and tell
Old Lot to quickly leave this Second Hell,
For ere the Morrow's Sun do's dart his Beams,
This Town shall drenching lie in Sulph'rous Streams.

[The Angels go out.

A C T. II. *Scene a House of Iniquity, where Pharez and Jared the Son-in-Law of Lot enter.*

Pharez. **L**ET doating Age debate of Law and Right,
And gravely stare the Bounds of Just and fit;
Whose Wisdom's but their Envy, to destroy
And bar those Pleasures which they can't enjoy:
Our blooming Years, more brightly, and more gay,
By Nature were design'd for Love, and Play:
Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Vertue's Fence,
And briskly hunts the Noble Chase of Sense:
Without dull thinking we'll Enjoyment trace,
And call that lawful, whatsoe'er does please.

Jared. Neither the Awe of Father's Frowns nor Shame,
Nor any gastlier Fantom, Fear can frame,

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Shall

Shall frighten me into the Road of Bliss,
 But boldly let us rush on Wickedness:
 Where glorious Hazards shall enhance delight,
 And that, that makes it dang'rous, makes it great.

Phar. Nothing shall e're mislead me from the Road
 Of Glory nor infect my Heart with Good:
 Never shall bold encroaching Vertue dare
 With her grim Holy Fate to enter there.

Enters Lot.

Lot. Fie, fie, my Sons, what vicious Words are these
 I hear, and which must Heaven sore displease?
 Leave off your vain Discourse, and soon repent,
 E'er heavy Judgments on your Heads are sent.
 Heav'n's not for such, whole Crimes make Hell too good,
 Too mild a Pennance for your cursed Brood;
 For whose unheard-of Deeds and damned Sake
 Fate must below new sorts of Torture make,
 Since, when of old in fram'd that Place of Doom,
 'Twas thought no Guilt like this cou'd thither come.

Jared. None but tame sheepish-Criminals repent,
 Who fear that idle Bug-bear, Punishment:
 Your gallant Sinner scorns that Cowardice,
 The poor Regret of having done amiss;
 Brave he, to his first Principles still true,
 Can face Damnation, Sin with Hell in view.

Lot. Religion sure should teach you better Things,
 Than thus t'assront your God whole King of Kings;
 Your Maker surely cannot long dispence
 With such unnatural Lusts and Impudence.

Phar. Religion! we that idle Word disclaim,
 That frivolous Pretence, that empty Name;
 Meer Bug-bear Word, devis'd by States to scare
 The senseless Rout to slavishness and Fear;
 Ne're known to awe the brave, and those that dare.

Lot. Base filthy Leachers! of all good bereft,
 And surely by just Heav'n to Ruine left;

Thy

Thy Company I loath, and soon I'll find
Some Place of Virtue to divert my Mind.

[Lot goes out, and his Two Sons
in-Law follow him.]

A C T. III. *Scene a Garden, in which Lot's Two Daugh-
ter's Mabelah and Jeminah are walking.*

Mab. **H**OW Infamous and wicked is this Town,
Where Virtue most young People do disown;
I wish my Residence was in some Isle,
Where Grace and Virtue mutually do smile
For so abominable is this Place,
That dwelling here to Goodness is Disgrace.

Jem. Was some kind Guide to lead me on the Way,
No longer in this City wou'd I stay;
But wou'd seek out some Solitude, wherein
I ere might shroud me from this Place of Sin.

Mab. Surely they don't consider, ev'ry Place
Offers a Road to cut off Human Race;
Sometimes with Frowns, sometimes with smiling Fate,
Th' Ambassadors of Death our Ends do date;
By open Force, or sweet Ambuscade
The strong assaults on Human Life is made:
But knowing not how soon, they ought to dread
Their flocking the Plantations of the Dead.

Enter Saphira, the Wife of Lot.

Saph. Seeing how Lust does here in Triumph reign,
From walking in the Garden pray refrain,
Ye are not safe in this sad Town of Sin,
So Daughters with your Mother strait come in.

[They all go out.]

ACT.

A C T. IV. *Scene a Chamber: Enter Lot and his Wife Saphira.*

Lot. **T**HE Beastliness that's here my Heart do's grieve,
Wherefore the Place I am resolv'd to leave.
Peaceful is he, most happy and secure,
Whose Heart, whose Soul, and Actions all are pure;
How pleasant, smooth and pleasing is his way,
Whilst Life's Meander daily slides away.
If a fierce Thunderbolt sho'ld chance to fly,
This quiet Man can unconcerned lie;
As knowing 'tis not levell'd at his Head,
So neither Noise or Flashes does he dread.
Tho' a swift Storm or Whirlwind tears in sunder
Heaven above him, or the Earth that's under;
Nay, tho' the Massy Rocks on heaps do rumble;
Or if the World should into Ashes crumble;
Tho' the stupendious Mountains from on high
Drop down, and in their humble Vallies lie;
Or should the deep unruly Ocean roar,
And dash its raging Foam against the Shoar;
He finds no frightful Tempest in his Mind,
Fears neither Billows, nor the blustering Wind;
All is Serene, all very quiet there,
There's not one Blast of troubled Air,
Old may often fall, or new ones blaze,
Yet none of these his Pious Soul amaze,
Such is the Man can smile at irksome Death,
And with an easie Sigh give up his Breath.

Saph. Then let us both endeavour strait to find
A Place, that may be peaceful to our Mind.

[They both go off.]

A C T. V. *Scene represents Lot's House. Enter Three Angels, Lot, his Wife, and Two Daughters.*

Raph. **F**ROM Heaven we are on a Message sent,
To warn you of approaching Punishment,

That's

That's near at Hand upon this Town to fall,
Because amongst this Num'rous People all,
Not Five Just Persons can be found to save
The Wicked from Destruction and the Grave.

Lor. Where'er your Orders are, I shall obey,
And for such Grace to me shall ever pray.

Bala. Oh! how excessive's the inglorious Lust;
That makes the filthy *Sodomites* accurst:
It eggs 'em on so much to slight the Rod
Of an All-seeing and revengeful God,
That in Conjunction they did strive to joyn
With Substances *Aetherial* and Divine;
As if it was their Thoughts to get a Race
Of Demi-gods, to guard this cursed Place.

Saph. Their filthy Crimes for Wrath Divine does call
And now I see upon 'em it will fall.

Melch. That God who batters Kingdoms with his Rod,
And makes the Mountains stagger with a Nod,
Has doom'd this lustful Town to Brimstone Fire,
Therefore from hence this Night *Lor* must retire,
With you, *Saphira*, his beloved Wife,
And both your Daughters; so secure your Life.

Mab. Dear Father let us quickly shun this Place.
Which is so much a stranger unto Grace.

Jem. Our safety don't let us too long delay,
Lest Heaven shou'd be angry at our stay.

Lor. Prepare, prepare to bid this Town adieu,
For unto *Zoar* I'll go along with you;
And since such Favour in my Maker's sight
I've found, I'll leave the Wicked Place this Night;
And when the Morning in her Crimson's Dress,
Breaks through the glorious Windows of the East;
My Hymns of thankful Praises shall arise,
Like Incense, or the Morning Sacrifice.



FINIS.

